

Toward A Limited Peace *The Editors*

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REPUBLIC

Passing of the Nehru Era

Selig S. Harrison

A Visit to Guantanamo

Philip Ben

John Foster Dulles

Louis J. Halle

\$ \$ Brando \$ \$

Stanley Kauffmann

T.R.B.

from
Washington

Take a Deep Breath – and Go!

★ The countries of the Western world urge the US to stop making a nuisance of itself. America's limping economy, says the 20-nation Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, meeting at ministerial level in Paris this week, is holding back the entire West in its economic race with Communism.

It's queer to think of the US as a drag on progress! It's even stranger to think of us helping Red Russia and China. And yet, in effect, that's what our own allies, in a unanimous report, say we are doing in not cleaning up our economic mess.

The OECD powers last year set the goal of a 50 percent higher total output by 1970. The trouble is, the US contributes 60 percent of OECD production, and its rate of growth has been only about half that of the others. The cabinet ministers of the countries, meeting in Paris November 27-28, with Treasury Undersecretary Fowler and State Undersecretary Ball, didn't want to seem to interfere in our affairs. But their spokesmen said the trouble in America for the last five years is obvious (inadequate demand), and the way to meet it is by expansionary governmental action (a cut in taxes, an increase in expenditures, or both).

The OECD in its report indicated a knowledge of America's difficulty beyond that of many Americans. It said that there is a domestic "political problem" in easing what is called "public mistrust of deficit financing," and that this might make remedies unpopular.

A lot of people figure that if you add a \$7.5 billion tax cut to the present \$7.5 billion deficit you get a \$15 billion defi-

cit. Actually you don't because a tax cut normally has a feed-back of 60 percent or so, from what economists call "multiplier" and "accelerator" effects. If it increases the rate of economic growth from 2.5 percent to 4.5 percent you can see what a tax gusher it would bring in. It is doubtful if the Kennedy Administration would be willing to have a deficit larger than that famous unplanned one of Eisenhower's – \$12.4 billions in 1959 – which it can always use as a buffer against conservative criticism. Mr. Kennedy seems to be coming closer to action and no doubt is now busily sounding out sentiment in Congress, where the real obstacle lies. We wish he would take a deep breath, go up to New York, the financial heart of the country, and in a major speech take the plunge before Congress meets.

If You Were Rocky

★ A one time political adviser of Gov. Rockefeller (who has now left the fold) came down to Washington the other day and asked a group of us, apropos of nothing, what we would do, if we were Rocky, to get elected President? This was a technical and professional problem that transcended any personal bias and we made what response we could. Most of us, it turned out, think the governor will be the GOP nominee in 1964, and most of us think he will lose. But Rockefeller may not be that pessimistic. And even if he can't win, he will want to put on a good show to stay in the race for '68.

Here again there was near-unanimity. The first thing Gov. Rockefeller should do, we felt, was to try to reorganize national leadership of the party to take it away from the conservative Congressional wing. The present set-up is narrow, sterile, and an almost fatal handicap for any Republican nominee. If the GOP is left as it is, when Congress meets week after week the nation will see and hear Everett Dirksen, Charlie Halleck, Barry Goldwater and the rest saying "No" to Kennedy proposals which a majority of Americans will consider moderate and reasonable. Better schools, health care under social security, federal aid to the cities – the GOP Congressional clique will always say "No," or "Yes – but."

It was the achievement of the late Paul

Butler as National Committee chairman, that he created the Democratic Advisory Council which broadened the party base and wrenched control from the conservative Congressional wing. Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Rayburn would not join, but Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Pat Brown and other national figures gladly did.

Gov. Rockefeller has a lot of problems but that is his first. Reform the party. Get the new stars: Romney, Scranton, Hatfield, into a broader leadership. Gen. Eisenhower probably would join a rescue mission, too. Many middle-road Americans might aid the Republicans (without whose aid they can't win) if the party seemed to be going somewhere.

In conclusion most of us still agreed Gov. Rockefeller has a rather poor chance, but who can tell? The next two-year business cycle might bring a real slump in '64.

Notes

★ The Lockheed strike is not over instituting the union shop, but over the right of employees to vote on the matter. Alone among aerospace leaders Lockheed refused to let the issue come to a vote as recommended by a Presidential mediation board earlier. In other companies where unionists voted they generally failed to get the proscribed majority to institute the "union shop" (where all employees must join the union). Lockheed wouldn't even let them vote. It seems strange to find such folly in a company on whom missile success at Cape Canaveral depends.

Postmaster General Day tells this story. Seems a politician owed his brilliant speeches to an ill-paid ghost-writer whose scripts were so good that all the politician had to do was read them and crowds laughed and applauded. But always the politician told the ghost-writer afterward that the speech was terrible and he would have to do better. Finally at the climax of his campaign the politician swept an audience off its feet with a tremendous speech. "I will tell you," he read, "the 10 things needed to end the gold flow out of this country!" He turned the page. To his horror he found the next blank, save for a line half way down. "All right, Big Shot, you're on your own!"

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A Limited Peace

THE WEEK

3. *A Limited Peace; Adenauer on the Ropes; The Axe to Conservation; Office of Education; Heraldic Suggestion; Free Trade, But . . . ; Subversive Hams*

ARTICLES

8. *De Gaulle's Victory*
by Jean Daniel
10. *A Visit to Guantanamo*
by Philip Ben
12. *The Superficial Aspect*
by Gerald W. Johnson
13. *The Passing of the Nehru Era*
by Selig S. Harrison

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17. Books 20. Movies
22. Correspondence

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Soviet behavior in Cuba and in the India-China dispute adds weight to the judgment of Louis J. Halle in *The New Republic* a year ago, when he wrote that: "On the whole [Khrushchev's] policy seems to have been one of relative moderation, and of achieving Soviet objectives by a process of growth, however forced, rather than by the dangerous shocks of war." Halle concluded that the "true interests of the United States and Russia, as represented by the responsible leadership in each country, include substantial, if unacknowledged common interests." The over-riding common interest which "transcends, even though it does not eliminate, the divisions based on traditional differences of ideology or national interest" is the prevention of a third world war "that neither side can accept as a tolerable prospect." What highlights that common interest of Washington and Moscow is the militancy of the Chinese Communists. Belligerency makes strange bed-fellows, as Hitler proved when he drove the Russians and the Americans into an alliance of expediency two decades ago.

In the 1920's "Asianism" and "anti-Asianism" had a certain vogue. Among the most eloquent advocates of the latter was Henri Massis, a French critic who, in a book called *Defense of the Occident*, argued that Western civilization was gravely menaced by what he called *un certain asiatisme*. Massis was barking up the wrong tree, considering as he did that the spread of such Eastern mystical creeds as Zen Buddhism was a manifestation of the coming of a new Genghis Khan. Yet some of his ideas got into the intellectual bloodstream of the West. When General de Gaulle talks about "Europe - to the Urals," more than faint traces of Massis are detectable. "Doubtless," de Gaulle has said, "although she helped implant Communism in China, Soviet Russia sees that in spite of everything, she is Russia, a white nation of Europe, conqueror of part of Asia, and after all very well off in land, mines, factories and resources, confronted with the yellow multitude which is China - China innumerable and wretched, indestructible and ambitious, building by sheer sacrifice a power which cannot be measured and casting her eyes on expanses around her over which she will one day have to spread."

Such views might seem old-fashioned, not to say bizarre, but for the appearance of new converts in the USSR. Several months ago in a long essay, Ivan Maisky, former Soviet Ambassador to London, expressed the opinion that there was no good reason to celebrate Genghis Khan as a progressive hero. The anti-Genghis Khan theme

was sounded again last month with the publication in the Central Soviet press of long indictments against one Tumur Ochir, a high Communist official of the Mongolian Republic who had recently been deposed. Ochir was accused, among other things, of having made a great affair in Ulan Bator of Genghis Khan's 800th birthday last June; there were mass meetings to commemorate the event, exhibitions and even postage stamps. The Chinese Communist press, on the other hand, has written at length in recent months on the positive role of that great conqueror—discredited by Mr. Maisky for having caused so much suffering. The Genghis Khan controversy is minor, but it is another sign of the ever-widening dispute.

As the Albanians serve as the whipping boy of the Russian faction, the Yugoslavs serve the same purpose for the Chinese and their satellites. These accusations by proxy sometimes border on the ridiculous, such as the Chinese rebuking the "Tito Clique" for supporting India. In fact, Belgrade has been extremely cagey. Instead of backing their neutralist ally Nehru, they implicitly condemned India for not accepting the Chinese conditions. But then the Chinese could not care less about the Yugoslavs. They are speaking about the Russians, and they are speaking to Asians and Africans and Latin Americans. And with some effect.



"This thing is bigger than both of us."

Peking is emerging from its conflict with India less isolated than many observers expected. The Chinese have had on their side not only the Far Eastern Communist Parties (Viet Minh, North Korea, Indonesia) but also some of the other Asian parties (Ceylon, Iraq, Burma), some of the Latin American groups, and even certain voices in Europe. In Britain, the Communist leader Palme Dutt (himself of Indian origin) has been an enemy of Mr. Nehru for a great many years. Pro-Peking sentiment has appeared in Communist circles in Sweden and Belgium. These gains cannot be shrugged off by Moscow, for if they multiply the Russians may find that their direct influence has been effectively confined to Europe, the Middle East and North Africa. Yet what can Khrushchev do about it?

The simple truth is that a nation like China, with over 700 million people, is bound to be powerful. The Chinese Communists will, of course, carry weight with parties geographically near, who are afraid, or with countries that have been slighted by Russia (Albania), or with parties that feel they get insufficient Soviet assistance. (Cuba and other Latin American parties may come to belong to this category.) The Chinese blood-and-thunder language is for obvious reasons more appealing to many Communists in newly-emergent have-not countries than Khrushchev's comparatively cautious line. Not because they are purer "Marxist-Leninists," but because they are more easily excited by nationalist passions. It is not surprising that the "new Communists" around Fidel Castro who are replacing the Moscow-oriented "Old Guard" Communists in Cuba are attracted by militant Chinese rhetoric.

Even if the Russian leaders are very patient men, even if they know that an open break with Peking would be a disaster, there is a limit to the provocations they will be able to stand. The Chinese may for a time refrain from aggravating the conflict further, yet in the last resort their aspirations to lead an Afro-Asian-Latin American Communist bloc cannot be concealed. In these circumstances the "proletarian internationalism" of the Soviet leaders is sorely tried; they must ask themselves how much they still have in common with parties and men who pay lip service to Lenin but who, in practice, would dangerously upset the delicate East-West balance of power; who are strongly motivated by nationalist or pan-Asian considerations; and who seem more interested in the establishment of an ex-Colonial International than in building a Communist society as the Russians envisage it. The Russians can make some political and ideological concessions to the militants, but they cannot change the color of their skin, nor can they easily adapt themselves to the psychology of ex-Colonials. A change of leadership in Moscow may temporarily delay an open rupture, but hardly for long; the conflict was not caused by per-

sonal antagonism between Mao and Khrushchev and cannot be expected to disappear under their successors.

To what extent can Western policy in this "climactic period" anticipate and profit from these developments? This is surely one of the questions that the President had very much on his mind during his talk last week with Mr. Mikoyan. The President is aware that the Soviet leaders have shown a higher level of maturity and political realism than the Castros and the Maos ("reason, a sense of responsibility and flexibility," as Khrushchev put it to Ambassador Foy Kohler).

A decade or two may pass before the world will have to face the Chinese problem in all its gravity; yet it should be possible, in anticipation, to start now to remove some of the main obstacles in the way of a limited Soviet-American understanding. New Western initiatives to overcome the neurotic Soviet resistance to inspection and control of disarmament might not succeed, but the West can afford to be quite generous in its proposals. The balance of nuclear power being what it is, the US can afford to take certain risks in the first stages of nuclear disarmament. So long as it is allowed to preserve an invulnerable second-strike force of submarines and hardened ICBM's, the US does not need a "foolproof" inspection system guaranteed to ferret out every last Soviet missile. That can wait until later stages of disarmament when the success of the first stages will, presumably, have increased confidence in the operation. Agreement on Berlin seems far from promising at present, but by 1964 some of the more inflexible gentlemen on the West German side who are afraid of any change at all will have retired. Ulbricht, too, one may hope, will be swept away by one of the recurrent waves of de-Stalinization in Eastern Europe. A rapprochement may then be easier.

There ought to be no illusions; even a limited understanding between Russia and the West will presuppose a change in Soviet thinking; the West cannot continue to be the enemy *par excellence*. Nevertheless, there are straws in the wind – over and above Soviet repudiation of Genghis Khan as a "progressive figure." More and more often Soviet spokesmen are arguing that regardless of social and political differences, Russia is part of the mainstream of Europe's cultural tradition. The last number of the monthly "Problems of History" contains what is a fairly typical article: a bitter polemic against German and emigré Russian writers (of the Eurasian school) who have juxtaposed Russia to Europe in their theoretical constructions and who claim that Russia really has belonged to Asia all along. We do not know to what extent the leaders in the Kremlin are influenced by such considerations; but most members of the younger generation in Russia are. It is with that generation in mind that one can speak with guarded hope of a limited peace.

Adenauer on the Ropes

The Cabinet crisis in Bonn has been growing progressively more serious for nearly a month. It is almost certain that the *Spiegel* affair has ended the career of the former Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss. Now Strauss may drag down Chancellor Adenauer with him.

The Christian Democrats do not have an absolute majority in the *Bundestag*. Adenauer can only exercise power if he can organize a Cabinet acceptable to the Free Democrats. He will try to do this by dropping Strauss. But Strauss claims Adenauer was privy to the *Spiegel* operation; if this proves true, the Free Democrats may refuse to serve in an Adenauer Cabinet, while the Christian Democrats may be reluctant to see Strauss made Adenauer's scapegoat. A new Christian Democratic candidate for the Chancellorship might then be needed – perhaps Erhard or Schroeder. Or else Adenauer could form an impotent minority government.

The immediate cause of the crisis was the high-handed, and perhaps illegal, methods used by Strauss to engineer the arrest in Spain of Conrad Ahlers (the author of the controversial *Spiegel* article calling attention to weaknesses in the German Army). Having done this Strauss lied to the *Bundestag*, attempting to conceal his role. The furor caused by the government's charges against *Der Spiegel* has obscured the equally serious charges made by *Der Spiegel* against the government. The magazine's main point was that the *Bundeswehr*, far from being a bastion of NATO, is almost worthless; that the September NATO maneuver, "Fallex 62," showed that a full-scale Soviet attack, using tactical nuclear weapons, could reach the Rhine in a week. In the course of that week some 15 million people would die in Germany and Britain (where many NATO tactical nuclear forces are based).

There are several ways to interpret "Fallex 62." One is to argue that the maneuver would have turned out much better if the West Germans had had tactical nuclear warheads of their own, instead of having to wait for US deliveries which were too long in coming and insufficient when they came. This is, presumably, the Strauss interpretation of the disheartening results.

The other interpretation of the maneuvers is that the defense of Western Europe with tactical nuclear weapons would be no more successful than with conventional forces, and much bloodier. Military men have in the past claimed that, given the present size of NATO forces, the defense of West Europe with conventional forces is hopeless, and that "the Russians would be at the Rhine in a week." If the introduction of tactical nuclear weapons on both sides does nothing to alter this equation, and increases Western casualties to 15 million, why bother?

What are the alternatives? One is to increase the

size of NATO's conventional forces sufficiently so that the West can hold the Soviets – not for a week, or a month, but indefinitely. Given Western superiority in both numbers and industrial potential, this is a realistic goal, given the will to reach it.

But suppose it cannot be reached? Suppose there is continued reluctance in European parliaments to raise the necessary troops? Then the West might do well to reconsider the oft-rejected Rapacki Plan. This plan, named for the Polish Foreign Minister who has been its leading advocate, would provide in one variant for de-nuclearization of West Germany, East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia; another variant would completely disarm these four countries. Although this is one of the few proposals pointing a way toward the solution of the German question, the West has always rejected it on the ground that (1) the *Bundeswehr* is the backbone of NATO's Central European strength, and dismantling it would make Europe virtually indefensible, and (2) without control of West Germany, NATO would be fighting with its back to the sea and would have no room for maneuver. If the *Spiegel* description of "Fallex 62" is accurate, and West Germany can even now be over-run in less than a week, and if, in addition, the Germans are on the verge of acquiring a new Chancellor, and perhaps one more receptive to innovation, the West might reconsider its entire European strategy.

The Axe to Conservation

Aided by new tax deductions which may allow them to spend even more than their current \$150,000 a year on lobbying, the nation's lumber manufacturers are readying a massive drive to turn the national forests into a gigantic commercial woodlot.

The national forests, redeemed from cut-over and fire-blackened stumpage by three generations of hard and dedicated work by the US Forest Service, now occupy about 180 million acres – about one-third of the nation's total timber reserve. They have always been administered conservatively and according to a multi-purpose formula built around conservation. That formula includes water supply, which makes the timberlands virtually priceless in the semi-arid West; controlled grazing; the fast-growing recreation facilities which afford many millions of Americans a yearly breathing-space in the great outdoors; research and scientific advance in erosion and prolongation of the useful life of the land; planting and replanting; and a controlled supply of timber.

When the Forest Service now sells standing timber, it usually sets a minimum price, and then throws the area open for bids. The minimum is almost always ex-

ceeded in regions where competition between mills is keen. The lumber companies, however, say that this policy means that the Forest Service uses its "monopoly position" to charge more than the traffic will bear. Under the new plan the timber will be almost free.

The lumber industry is in bad shape in some regions, both from foreign competition and from competing materials. What it seems to want is a large indirect government subsidy. In addition, it would like the Forest Service to abandon its traditional conservation concept in favor of a policy that will put the companies' needs first.

Office of Education

When rumors began to circulate early in November that Francis Keppel had been asked to become US Commissioner of Education, nobody was surprised. Who of prominence in American education had not at one time or another been asked to take the job? But last week, unlike everyone else, Keppel took it.

As Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education for the past 14 years, Keppel has built up a "Master of Arts in Teaching" program which, along with imitators at other universities, has probably done more than anything else in the past generation to make school teaching academically respectable. He also played a major role in developing team teaching programs intended to give gifted experienced teachers enough extra influence, extra responsibility, extra status and extra pay to keep them from leaving the classroom for administration or another career. He will find it difficult to achieve as much in his new post.

The Office of Education is largely staffed by former stenographers, accountants and normal school graduates. Few are intellectuals, and many will distrust Keppel because he is. Unless he can find a group of imaginative and energetic men and women to work under him and can persuade the Administration to create new positions for them, Keppel is unlikely to achieve anything of consequence in the Office or to remain long as its head.

His most serious problem in recruiting talented associates is that he will have very little of interest for them to do when they get there. The Office of Education does not run any schools or colleges, and it has limited power to tell others how to run them. For the most part the Office is a banker. It takes money from the Treasury and disburses it to schools and universities across the country according to rules established by Congress. Out of a total federal expenditure on education of more than \$2 billion, moreover, less than \$650 million is channeled through the Office.

The Office has no real power, and probably won't

acquire more in the foreseeable future. The primary criterion in drafting Administration proposals on education has not been the needs of students. The aim has necessarily been to draft legislation acceptable to both Catholics and Protestants, and to both White Supremacists and Urban Liberals; that is, a bill Congress might pass. As a result, programs have usually been formulated in the White House, or by Congressional experts in the office of the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare – not by the Office of Education.

Furthermore, it is a definite liability in drafting an education bill to provide that the Office of Education administer it. Much better put it under the auspices of the Pentagon, whose innovations and appropriations are scrutinized less critically by Congress. The Defense Department today spends more money and probably has more impact on education than the Office. It runs the Service Academies, the War Colleges, ROTC programs, and extensive ideological and technical training sessions for officers, enlisted men and the public. The Pentagon is the nation's largest single supporter of university research. Many of its programs, such as scholarships for undergraduates enrolling in Naval ROTC and grants to theoretical physicists to employ graduate assistants, have no more direct connection with military preparedness than the multi-purpose "National Defense Education Act." But if they were administered by the Office of Education, as the NDEA largely is, Congress might stop supporting them.

The federal government should, in our judgment, take more initiative in correcting deficiencies in the school and college system and sponsor a much broader range of educational programs than it now does. This should lead eventually to the creation of a separate Department of Science and Education with its own Cabinet-level Secretary. But unless we have misread the results of last November's elections, no such developments can be expected for at least two years.

Heraldic Suggestion

The *Baltimore Sun's* Thomas O'Neill, taking note of certain Republican suggestions of a Rockefeller-Goldwater ticket for 1964, avers that "the only fit word" for such a political combination is "monstrous."

That's strong language. Not all hybrids are monstrous. Consider the mule. Without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity he may be, yet his record is impressive; without him, where would a 19th-Century farmer or a quartermaster-sergeant have been?

If the GOP elephant is in the last stages of pernicious anemia, it does not follow that the party must henceforth go without an appropriate trademark, one that represents Senator Javits and Senator Tower, the East-

wing "liberals" and the segregationist Southerners. There is the camelopard, mistakenly regarded by our forefathers as a cross between the camel and the leopard. The camelopard (*Giraffa camelopardalis*, in modern times commonly called the giraffe) is well adapted as a symbol of modern Republicans. It is constitutionally frail; although it can cover a lot of ground it is an awkward runner; by cropping tender leaves and buds it inhibits growth; and its most conspicuous characteristic is its unrivalled ability to stick its neck out.

Free Trade, But . . .

The Administration's most acclaimed legislative victory in the 87th Congress – the trade bill – was won at some cost. Protectionist pledges were made, and these presumably will have to be given consideration by Christian Herter as he administers the Trade Expansion Act. The cotton textile industry was assuaged by a worldwide system of quotas which will probably limit the imports into this and other industrial countries of cotton textiles to annual increases of between three and five percent. A high official in the Department of Commerce has even suggested that the Administration is committed to trade limitation agreements for each textile commodity. The oil industry seems to have been promised that quotas on crude petroleum imports would continue, the coal industry that residual fuel oil imports would remain under control, the lumber industry that it will be saved from Canadian competition.

Last week, five senior Japanese Cabinet Ministers visited Washington to discuss trade, aid and international finance. The Japanese have done well in the US market – imports from Japan went from \$182 million in 1950 to \$1.1 billion in 1961, and rose another 35 percent in the first eight months of 1962. A few US industries have been arguing since 1956, however, that these imports were seriously hurting profits and employment. They have been pressuring the Administration to establish import quotas. That has not been done, but by threatening the Japanese with the possibility, the Administration has persuaded them to impose a comprehensive system of "voluntary export quotas" on about 30 Japanese commodities, ranging from baseball gloves to Christmas light bulbs, which account for between 25 and 35 percent of Japanese sales in the US.

Unlike tariffs, "voluntary" quotas are worked out under-the-table; the number and size of the quotas, and the ways of setting them up, remain obscure. The future of these quotas will be a significant index of how far the Administration is prepared to go in supporting a policy of freer trade which, harmful as it inevitably is to some domestic industries, benefits both American exporters and consumers.

Subversive Hams

There is at least one *Committee to Warn of the Arrival of Communist Merchandise on the Local Business Scene* in each of the 50 states, and Dr. Jerome D. Harold, a Miami chiropractor who is national secretary for the movement, is exuberant. The John Birch Society was invaluable in getting the campaign going nine months ago, he says, but now that the populace has been alerted, the Birchers have been replaced largely by Parent Teacher groups, DAR chapters, Civitans, Rotarians and veterans organizations, all eager to rid stores of Polish hams, Yugoslav furniture and toys, Czech dog baskets, Russian caviar and other items from "atheistic countries" where there is "slave labor."

These vigilant citizens work in various ways. Sometimes they merely call a store manager and politely inform him that the store is selling Pinko goods. Usually, says Dr. Harold, the manager is pleased to be told of his error, thanks the Committee and graciously withdraws the offending material, sometimes joining the crowd in burning it in the street outside his shop. Of course, some stores refuse to abide by the Committee's directive, which is too bad for them, and quite a lot of fun for the Committee. A "card party" is organized, which, says Dr. Harold, is "rather like the preparation for an Easter Egg hunt." Committee members take piles of greeting cards, each one neatly embossed, "Always buy your Communist slave labor products at . . .", and sneak into the shop in question, deftly inserting the cards in every bit of merchandise they can lay their hands on before either completing the job or being tossed out. (One Washington card distributor was fined \$10 last week for his enterprise.)

S. S. Kresge, the large 5 and 10 cent store chain

which has been stocking wicker baskets, wooden cutting boards, knife holders and clothes hangers made in East Europe, has experienced several card parties. Some Kresge managers in Texas and Illinois have been hard pressed by local committees, and a spokesman says it probably will not restock the items. It seemed rather ironic to him, because one reason the store bought the goods in the first place was at the behest of the government, which told Kresge that it would be helping "to break the Commies' hold on Eastern Europe." Kresge now has more important problems. Bicycles imported from West Germany but marked "Made in Germany" are accused of being Communist imports, and they must now be relabeled "Made in West Germany."

Woolworth's says it will discontinue the few items, such as clothes hangers, it purchased from East Europe. Sears Roebuck admits there have been a few "incidents" when managers have purchased supplies from bloc countries by mistake; the store long has had a policy of not buying from Communist-controlled lands. In Washington, D. C., Polish hams (most of which come from non-collectivized farmers) have been disappearing from grocery stores after raids and threats. The City Council of Billings, Montana, has decided to impose a \$1,000 license fee on wholesale and retail businesses that offer for sale products made by Communist labor and to require such store owners to display a sign reading "licensed to sell Communist products."

The vigilantes say they are taking foreign exchange away from the Communists and relieving the US balance of payments problem. But last year the US continued to enjoy a favorable trade balance with Communist countries, exporting \$133.4 million, against imports of \$81.1 million.

HAS THE GENERAL REFORMED THE RIGHT?

De Gaulle's Victory

Paris

From the British or American viewpoint it may seem surprising that there are groups in France which actually fear the power of an absolute majority. In Great Britain and the United States, the prime minister or the president must have such a majority in order to direct the course of the nation. The great difference is that President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan are both answerable to their respective legislatures, whereas for the past four years General de Gaulle has led his

country without being subject to any controls whatsoever. The only power of the French Parliament is the authority to censure the Prime Minister – but not the President of the Republic. And indeed, Mr. Pompidou's cabinet fell precisely as a result of such a censure motion. From now on, however, this cannot happen again. Since the recent elections, even the Prime Minister is assured of complete stability. As for General de Gaulle, he holds an absolute party majority which is without

precedent in the Republic. The only limitations on his power are those provided by the Constitution and, according to him, he may even organize a referendum to change the Constitution. He has, in fact, just done this by holding a referendum on the election of the president by popular suffrage.

What accounts for de Gaulle's smashing victory at the polls in the face of the known antipathy of the French to personal absolutism? The General's personal prestige is not the entire explanation. On the contrary, the French people have repeatedly taken advantage of what Léon Blum used to call "the right to ingratitude": France is a nation which wearies easily of its popular idols and is inclined to change them often.

The current economic prosperity is undoubtedly part of the reason for this new conservatism which makes France anxious to avoid any disruption. However, the true basis for the de Gaullism of France today lies in the country's persistent, profound, and unequivocal distaste for the various regimes which preceded de Gaulle. The rule of the parties which made up the Fourth Republic was permanently discredited, a fact which those very parties failed to realize until too late. Compared with this revulsion, the hazards of personal power seem small. And besides, no one in France believes in these hazards. After May 13, 1958, when de Gaulle used the insurrection of the Algerian generals to return to power, the French people were told that they were going to live under a regime of fascism, dictatorship, militaristic oppression, and deprivation of their personal freedom. Instead, it is generally conceded that these fears were unfounded. De Gaulle has devoted himself to outwitting, crushing, and reducing to silence those elements which had counted on him to keep Algeria and install an authoritarian regime. None of the democratic freedoms has been infringed upon. Rarely, in fact, has a chief of state been so freely criticized as was de Gaulle just before the referendum of last October 28. This is what André Malraux was referring to when he said, "If we are living under a dictatorship, how does it happen that we can go on accusing our government of this morning after morning?"

The fact is that de Gaulle won a sweeping victory over all the various political coalitions, over all the constitutional bodies of the government, and most remarkable of all, over the entire Parisian and Provincial press, without exception. What was the attitude of management and big capital? It cannot be said that these elements were resoundingly in favor of de Gaulle. It would therefore appear that the victory was a sort of revolution, propelled by the action of a single man. A particular triumph was scored by de Gaulle over the Rightist and Far Rightist parties, a victory no doubt made easier because, according to the Socialist leader Guy Mollet, the French Right was "the most stupid in all the

world." Bugged down in a sclerotic and anachronistic form of capitalism, it was opposed to social progress of all kinds, it clung to a nostalgia for imperialism and colonialism – in short, it had failed to adapt either to the modern world or even to the demands of its own best interests. The real question is whether de Gaulle has achieved an enduring transformation of the Right into a rational conservative party or whether by sheer force of personal prestige he has simply united his troops in unswerving devotion to him. If the de Gaulle revolution is really going to mark a step forward, the new party (the UNR) must develop a doctrine which can survive de Gaulle, the president of the Republic must be answerable to Parliament, and lastly, there must be a coherently organized Opposition, prepared to take over the reins of power at a future date.

We shall have some definite knowledge about the first two of these points within a few weeks. With respect to the organizing of an opposition party, on the other hand, certain new and paradoxical factors have already arisen. We know that the Communists increased their deputies from 10 to 44. The number of electors who voted Communist has not changed, but whereas for the past 15 years the Communist candidates have been defeated by coalitions resulting from the jockeying of electoral alliances and combinations, this time the Leftists were not only fought against, but they were sought after and favored. For the first time in years the Socialists entered into an electoral alliance with the Communist Party, thereby profiting extensively and increasing the number of their seats by a third. Alliances of this "popular front" type could have supplied very weighty opposition to the Gaullist regime if the French Communist Party had been as skillful and as flexible as the Italian Communist Party, for there is no denying that the French Communist Party is a power to be reckoned with. One out of every five electors votes Communist, although this does not mean (in fact, far from it) that he is a member of the Party. But in France the Communist Party has remained rigid, sectarian and Stalinist: its close dependence on Moscow was both blatant and clumsy, at least as long as Moscow was Stalinist. Today, according to a Yugoslavian diplomat in Paris, the Communist Party in France would be better off if it were still dependent, for it is less intelligent than Moscow.

The writer Jean-Paul Sartre, noted for his progressivism, wrote with unintended humor: "It is impossible for revolutionaries to work with the French Communists; but alas! it is also impossible to work without them." Without the Communists, at least for the time being, the Opposition is very weak indeed. The only hope lies in the constituting of a powerful labor party effective enough to attract to its ranks that vast group of malcontents which regularly sends Communist de-

puties to the Chamber but which would be extremely unhappy if Communism were ever to take over in Paris. Since it would be up to the Socialists to assume leadership of such a party, they would also have to change their methods and their organization.

Thus, the two real sources of strength in the new France are de Gaullism and Communism, at least as long as General de Gaulle lives. The de Gaullists are appraising this situation and are beginning to treat all democrats who oppose them as pro-Communists. The

present situation is not without some danger of McCarthyism in the future.

However, de Gaulle will have a free hand for many months to come to carry out the goals closest to his heart. These are: French nuclear striking power; France's autonomy within NATO; a Franco-German union; a United Nations of Europe with or without Great Britain, but preferably without; and an active role for France in all international problems.

JEAN DANIEL

REPORTERS COMPLAIN, BUT THE SEEING EYE SEES

A Visit to Guantanamo

There were dark low clouds and the temperature was near freezing when we took off from Andrews Air Force Base. Five hours later, our DC-6 landed on an airfield over which the sky was pure blue. Cuba was under naval "quarantine," the international atmosphere was forbidding, but here at Guantanamo, the sun was shining, the temperature above 80, the sea was smooth.

It seemed to me, after three days, that it is deceptive to place such emphasis on the Guantanamo base. It would be more correct to talk about Guantanamo Bay, for it is the Bay which makes the base so important. The square miles of blue water carving deeply inland, so deep that even the largest aircraft carriers can enter quite far, are one of the best natural harbors to be found on the globe. And what a surrounding! The Caribbean is noted for its hurricanes, but at Guantanamo the last hurricane hit in 1929. One can understand why sailors and airmen like being here. When winter storms turn the ocean into a devil's lair, when most of the United States is snow- and ice-bound, air and sea training at Guantanamo goes on without interruption. At the height of summer, the thermometer never goes above 95 degrees.

I was there two days before President Kennedy lifted the blockade. The war which failed to materialize was then still considered a real possibility. The Marines in their dark green uniforms were busy digging into the slopes of the green hills.

Only a few steps from positions occupied by the Marines runs the perimeter. It does not look like a front line, but rather like an elaborate enclosure of a rich estate. Beyond the perimeter, a wide, flat band has been shorn by bulldozers. An experienced eye knows why; it is to make the base more visible to those beyond who

would direct the fire. And where are they? The bushes beyond the bulldozed band of earth are impenetrable to the eye. Only here and there careful scrutiny through binoculars reveals a barrel of an automatic weapon or a few dark faces covered with Soviet-style steel helmets.

We flew along the Cuban line in a helicopter and the impression was the same. These Cubans know how to hide themselves and their weapons. Having seen many armies and many battles I know what this means. Soldiers who are expert in the art of camouflage must be well trained. A Marine lieutenant whose company was digging in along a hill near the fence confirmed my theory: "A while back, the units opposite us were militiamen. They didn't pay much attention to camouflage. They often came up to our fence and cursed the Yankees. But they have been replaced by regular units, and these guys seem to know their business. They never show themselves. They are anxious to avoid any provocation. We know they have Belgian automatic rifles, and higher up in the hills they have their Skoda guns, but exactly where we aren't sure." Who is responsible for these well-camouflaged positions of these disciplined troops? "Before things got hot," said a gray-haired General who commands the Marines, "we would frequently observe strangers who looked like military advisers, touring the perimeter." Having myself seen quite a bit of the Soviet army during the Second World War and knowing how skillful it is in camouflage, I could not help thinking that the Russian advisers had done a good job in Cuba and that in the future Castro's army could not be written off as a negligible force.

Looking at the narrow strip of land that belongs to the base, and from there up to the Cuban hills surrounding the base on all sides, one does not need to be

a great expert to understand the dangers. If war ever comes to Guantanamo, it will not be, as Castro claims, because the Americans will try to invade his island from here. Only a fool would choose such a tactic. The real danger is that should an invasion materialize elsewhere, it is at Guantanamo that Castro would strike first. "We know that if fighting starts we shall have difficult moments," said a Marine officer, "but they will last no longer than 15 minutes. Afterwards our ships and our planes will go into action and they will certainly be able to locate and to silence Cuban gun positions." And with a broad gesture of his hand, he pointed first to the destroyers, some of which were at anchor in the Bay and some of which were patrolling along the seashore, and later to the two air fields on the base, full of planes of every kind.

We went to see this floating defense artillery. The *USS Manely* is a "general purpose" destroyer, displacing 4,000 tons and built only five years ago. It had been sent for training purposes only a few weeks before the Cuban crisis broke into the open. When the emergency came, it was immediately assigned the double purpose operation of defending the base and taking part in the quarantine. The three rapid-firing five-inch guns and its five three-inch guns, which can also serve as anti-aircraft weapons, provide the base with heavy and light artillery – as do other destroyers that cruise back and forth in the vicinity. The fire control room of the *USS Manely* is a very busy place. The advanced electronic computers and detection systems are constantly in use, directing mock attacks on the black summits of the Sierra Madre – the nearby mountain chain where once Castro hid and where today his guns are in place. "If it comes to action, our spotters on the base and in the observation planes will direct our fire," says the destroyer skipper. I look at the radar screens in the room. On one of them, a black point has just appeared. "An aircraft took off from the Santiago de Cuba airfield, some 40 miles from here," explained a young officer. I notice a permanent black line on a second radar screen. "This," the officer says, "is the shore of Jamaica, 110 miles south." Well, the world has few secrets any more.

During breakfast in the Officer's Mess, the telephone near the Captain's chair rings. The operation room at the base is calling to inform the Captain that another destroyer a few miles west of us, has just established contact with a Soviet ship heading for Cuba. A few moments later, at the ship's commanding post and looking through binoculars, I clearly see the big silhouette of the Soviet ship and a much thinner one of a destroyer near her. We move near to the scene at full speed, and soon I can make out with the naked eye the two ships. Again the telephone rings. The Soviet ship has been identified: It is a tanker called *Vlade-*

mir and it is on its way from Odessa to Santiago bearing oil and some cargo on its deck. Suddenly, the US destroyer turns aside, allowing the tanker to proceed to its destination. The tanker increases its speed and soon disappears in the direction of Santiago.

No search? No boarding party? – the correspondents keep asking. We are told that this is hardly necessary because obviously the Americans had known for some time where the Soviet ship was heading and what she was carrying. How did they know it? I never found out. But I wondered. After all, it was not likely that a Soviet ship would do what a Greek or a British ship chartered by the Soviets did during the days of the blockade. The latter, at the final port of departure, before taking off for Cuba, whether at Dakar or Lisbon, had asked the American counsel to inspect the cargo and issue a certificate.

Does this mean that the whole blockade was a farce? No. The officers of the *Manely* said that before the blockade had been imposed at least four ships a day had been spotted making their way to Santiago, which is Castro's second biggest city and second port. But since the blockade, many days had passed without any ships being seen, and when they came, it was one or two at the most. Whatever else it accomplished, this blockade must have harmed Castro's economy.

Before coming to Guantanamo I had read articles in which angry newspaper reporters described how every one of their steps at the base had been watched, how they were barred from any place of importance, and how most of their questions had been left unanswered. Well, I had been taken to a great many places, shown many weapons, and told about others with the simple request not to mention them in my dispatches. I was a bit surprised to find that our arrival and departure were marked by press conferences at which we were addressed by the commanding Admiral and the General commanding the Marines, that they answered with good grace the most "iffy" question of correspondents. There were so many lights and movie cameras I began to wonder whether I was really at a military base, threatened at any moment by enemy attack, or in a Hollywood studio. On a postcard I sent from Guantanamo to a friend in Paris I wrote: "In America, you need advertisements not only to sell cigarettes, you need them to make war." And when, on my way back to Andrews, a few fellow reporters were still complaining that after all they were not shown the missiles they knew there were in Guantanamo, I said to myself that if I want to understand the United States and its people better, I must drop all those old world ideas, one of which is that an army cannot be a real army without having a few secrets of its own.

PHILIP BEN

Psychiatrists and the Public

An eminent psychiatrist has made the newspapers with an address contending that the problem of mental illness is much more of a community responsibility than we have been accustomed to admit. He expressed doubt of the efficacy of institutional care in a large proportion of cases, and one gathers that he sees some merit in Miss Betsy Trotwood's handling of the case of Mr. Dick, as reported in *David Copperfield*. As the gentleman's extended address was merely summarized in the newspapers, his position may have been misrepresented, but it struck a responsive chord in the minds of many laymen, who are unshakably convinced that Miss Betsy was a pretty good therapist.

At the same time, as long as the speaker seems to have been operating in the field of common sense, rather than that of the more abstruse theories, it is regrettable that he made no reference – if he did, it was not reported – to another area of responsibility for this problem. That is the responsibility of the profession for reasonably accurate prognosis. Such responsibility is certainly as definite as that of the community for its intensive deliberation in committing mental patients to institutions.

When the public journals report a particularly horrifying crime of violence – the butchery of a whole family, the apparently motiveless murder of children, the slaughter of casual passers-by – readers look with a confidence too seldom misplaced for a familiar tag line near the end of the story. It is a statement that the perpetrator of the deed had recently undergone treatment for a mental disorder.

The superficial aspect of this business inevitably raises one of two suspicions, about equally unflattering to psychiatry. Either (1) contemporary psychotherapy tends to convert relatively harmless zanies into homicidal maniacs or (2) the profession may have an unfortunate tendency to equate suppression of acute symptoms with permanent cure. Cynics promptly accept both, and more reasonable men are perturbed by the massive evidence that persons guilty of spectacular violence are so often alumni of one of the many psychiatric institutions.

To the uninstructed bystander this suggests that it isn't just the community that is neglecting its responsibility for the mentally ill. After all, when it becomes

obvious even to laymen that some character is losing his marbles, what can the community do but turn him over to professional care? When it does so, and does it promptly, how can it justly be charged with not fulfilling its proper duties?

It is undeniable that imperfect humanity is prolific of cases of evasion of individual responsibility with the result that institutions are overcrowded with cases of senile deterioration that could be better cared for at home. But the failure there is of the individual, not the community conscience. Perhaps it is true that the laity expect too much; but it is doubtful that a majority of the people expect psychiatry to work a prompt and permanent cure very often.

The doubt that is creeping into public opinion at present, perhaps unfairly, is doubt that the profession is sufficiently distrustful of its own magic. The incessant recurrence of cases of violence committed by patients discharged after treatment inevitably leads to suspicion that the doctors are putting their trust in highly unreliable indicia of a cure. If this leads to unjustifiable and often cruel distrust of anyone who has seen the inside of an institution, can this fairly be charged against the community?

Admittedly this problem is an extremely tough nut, but it is up to the profession to crack it. Simply to berate the doctors is unjust; but it is fair enough to point to conditions that exist as an explanation of a growing cynicism in the public. Perhaps it cannot be eradicated, but it might be checked somewhat by more evidence that the profession is deeply concerned over its position not merely as therapists dealing with the mentally ill, but also as the main line of defense against a menace that appears to be increasing with sinister speed all over the world.

A doctor must first try to cure his patient. That is his primary duty, to which all else must yield precedence. The good of his patient must be his first thought, but that doesn't absolve him of the duty to have a second thought about releasing on society an individual who, once out of the hospital, is likely to shoot up the neighborhood. No doubt the doctor will sometimes fail, despite his best effort; but an uneasy laity will be hard to convince that he must fail his obligations as frequently as he has been failing them in recent years.

The Passing of the Nehru Era

by Selig S. Harrison

Well before the ravages of illness slowed him down, Prime Minister Nehru betrayed a mood of intellectual and emotional disengagement from his multiplying responsibilities. Fatigue pervaded an evening of conversation at his residence in New Delhi on February 1, 1961. My impression as he talked of the gathering Chinese threat and of the intractable social and economic problems within India was not that he fooled himself about the realities but rather that he could see all too clearly what lay ahead. The distress in his face seemed to say that he had given his best and had begun to doubt how much longer he could or should go on.

Nehru fell ill last April at a moment when his will and capacity to command had rapidly declined with the advance of age and his increasing isolation at the pinnacle of power. One by one, he has lost his trusted contemporaries in recent years, first Kidwai, then Azad, and more recently, Pant and Roy, two of his most powerful Congress Party proconsuls. As Nehru has grown lonelier and more recessive, the Right has asserted itself more boldly in Congress councils. The clash of contending factions and open maneuvering for the succession were far advanced by the time his health and then the war crisis brought to a head the realignment of political forces hitherto predicted for some distant day "after Nehru."

The specter of his illness persists long after Nehru has been officially pronounced recovered if only because the facts of the case have been lost in a cloud of ambiguity and contradiction. For two weeks India feared for his life. With elaborate detail his Indian doctors stated that an enlargement of the prostate had resulted in a kidney infection (known as pyelonephritis) which can in its chronic form lead to uremia and is virtually incurable. Then the British kidney specialist, Lord Evans, examined Nehru in London during the July meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers. The Indian High Commission said in a brief communique that Nehru was fit to resume a reduced work schedule. Subsequently, the Prime Minister's daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, told highly-placed American friends that he did not have kidney trouble; that he merely suffered a viral infection, and that the puffiness of his face evident on certain occasions has been caused by pills taken for high blood pressure.

Although flashes of the old *elan* have livened his re-

cent efforts to rally the country and at times he seems to be his old self, the fact that his physical stamina has been put in question inevitably does something to his stature and provokes increasing discussion of the succession. India goes into a protracted crisis with the passing of the Nehru Era in sight. The unifying presence of a maximum leader would mean much to a country living on the brink of war, but the health scare and the dawning realization that his leadership has been found wanting could in time deny to Nehru more than a symbolic role.

When his countrymen learned in 1959 that he had kept to himself for two years the fact of Chinese road-building across Indian territory in Ladakh, Nehru might still have restored the gloss to his tarnished leadership through intensified defense efforts and the gradual preparation of public opinion for a possible Himalayan war. But it was too late when the Chinese humiliated the Indian Army in October and November. All of the brave words that he has uttered and the face-saving silence observed in public have not altered the fact that most politically aware Indians blame Nehru for their plight as much as they blame the ousted Krishna Menon. In a very real sense, they are blaming themselves, which makes their indictment all the more severe. For the moment it is forgotten that he is the dedicated patriot who languished in British jails and whose vision has lifted the sights of the nation above parochial loyalties in the difficult first years of constructing a viable Indian state. The Nehru who at 73 stands before a testy Parliament is closely scrutinized and no longer exempt from public censure or private constraint.

It was unprecedented when Home Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri felt compelled on November 13 to take the floor of Parliament to admonish those who were trying "to create misapprehension and confusion in the minds of the people about the leader," and when Mrs. Gandhi thought it necessary less than a week later to send a nationwide emergency circular calling on local and state Congress officeholders to counter criticism of Nehru. Her warning was nominally directed to opposition rightist groups, but the message was clearly meant to apply also to Nehru's critics within the ruling Party. The determination of Congress leaders to have their say in national decisions that would once have been Nehru's personal prerogative has been made increas-

ingly clear since the showdown session of the Congress Parliamentary Executive Committee leading to the resignation of Krishna Menon. Nehru agreed to go along with the ouster of Menon only when it was obvious that his own place as Prime Minister might itself become the subject of divisive controversy if he were to spurn accommodation with the Party panjandrums.

The increasing number of free-wheeling public statements heard from Congress leaders and Cabinet ministers provides evidence of the new diffusion of power in New Delhi. Even while defending Nehru, Sastri went on to take a moderate line toward Pakistan at variance with that laid down by the Prime Minister. In attributing Chinese expansionism to the zeal of the new Communist converts in Peking, India's Ambassador to the US, Braj K. Nehru, in effect challenged the official emphasis placed by his cousin on traditional Han imperialism. This might have been explained away, for as an Ambassador talking to an American TV audience, he was, after all, putting the best face on Indian policy. But there were raised eyebrows when Defense Minister Y. B. Chavan flew back to his home state of Maharashtra after accepting Nehru's offer to succeed Krishna Menon and promptly proceeded to distinguish the Chavan from the Nehru foreign policy.

Chavan and National Unity

If there was any doubt that Chavan would make himself a rallying point for a newly hardening nationalism it was dispelled after his November 14 Poona speech with its blunt disregard of the Nehru thesis that Moscow might be willing and able to restrain the advancing Chinese. His warnings that "a Communist country never abjures the use of violence" were pinned to Russia and China alike; and lest his meaning be open to debate he cited Hungary, Poland and Bulgaria as victims of Communist duplicity. The contrast with Nehru lay not only in what the two were saying but in the fact that Chavan is a village product with a flair for the pithy phrase. It was pure Chavan when he summed up by observing that "Communist blood is thicker than coexistence water."

Though he has little of the polish or intellectuality of Nehru and of the British-educated minority of the Indian elite and dresses most often in the inelegant dhoti of the village, Chavan can communicate with middle-class and student ideologists and might be able to play a unifying role between city, town and village somewhat comparable to that of Nehru. Until he broke with the movement in 1939 over its wartime pro-British stand, Chavan was identified with the Radical Humanists led by the late M. N. Roy. The Royists have a vaguely socialist commitment that characterizes the

Chavan economic philosophy today. He takes a "pragmatic," Nehru-style approach to the roles of the public and private sectors and can inveigh against the Bombay and Calcutta monopolists with the best of them.

As Chief Minister of Maharashtra, Chavan has manipulated the Right and Left of the Congress Party for his own ends. Some writers who felt he had to be stuck with one or the other label when he was named to succeed Krishna Menon discovered that he had supported his predecessor in the Parliamentary election last year and leaped to the conclusion that he belongs to the Left. But most observers agree that he has used his ties with Menon principally to get defense contracts for his friends and that he has avoided entanglement with both camps. In any case, at a time when the growth of economic monopoly is increasingly conspicuous in India and an important focus of political debate, the fact that he has one foot on the Left can be counted as a political asset for Chavan.

Perhaps the most important fact pointing to Chavan as a unifying personality in the Congress is that he is a member of India's non-Brahmin majority and comes from the centrally situated state of Maharashtra. Straddling the basic geographical cleavage in the Indian subcontinent, Maharashtra is neither "northern" nor "southern" enough to stamp Chavan as a sectional personality.

The rise of Chavan is in good part the result of his adroit use of ties with the powerful Maratha caste. The Maratha peasant proprietors are the largest single numerical group in the Marathi-speaking region north of Bombay, and their political spokesmen dominate the regional Congress machine. As non-Brahmins who must compete for power with the influential Chitpavan Brahmins of their region, the Marathas have built a disciplined political lobby and claim a Kshatriya standing in the four-tier Hindu caste hierarchy — Brahmin (priest), Kshatriya (warrior), Vaisya (merchant) and Sudra (laborer). The Marathas are typical of wealthy peasants throughout India who would find themselves beyond the pale as Sudras if they did not organize. Among these powerfully entrenched peasant lobbies, Chavan has earned a nationwide non-Brahmin following. At the same time, he has broadened his base in his home state to become the champion of all Marathi-speakers in their successful agitation for a separate Maharashtra state with the financial center of Bombay as its capital.

His derogators have hinted that Chavan is a provincial who could never amount to much at "The Center," as New Delhi is called, for there he could no longer ride on parochial loyalties. But as Defense Minister, Chavan will be well placed to capitalize on his identity as a Maratha for national political purposes. It was the Maratha hero Shivaji who broke Moghul control of

the Indian subcontinent three centuries ago in the prelude to British rule and who became a symbol of the martial capacity of Hindu society.

Much of the present discussion concerning those who are likely to share power with Nehru or succeed him should he retire centers not on Chavan but on the Prime Minister's daughter, Mrs. Gandhi; Home Minister Sastri as a moderate Congress leader of Nehru's generation; Finance Minister Morarji Desai, a respected conservative leader, and the defense production chief, T. T. Krishnamachari. The possibility that Mrs. Gandhi as a Nehru choice will be given a period as Prime Minister gains strength from her impressive record as president of the Congress Party in 1959. Her chances, however, were better before the war crisis made the thought of a woman as national leader somewhat offbeat. In spite of his heart trouble, Sastri, who has no enemies, is also a possibility.

Finance Minister Desai has strength on the Right, but the votes did not materialize when he sought to stake his claim for the succession last year in a bitter intra-Party contest for the post of Deputy Party Leader. The Krishna Menon forces marshaled enough strength to head him off, and in the end Nehru had to break the ensuing Party impasse by creating two Deputy Leader posts and giving the downgraded roles to relative non-entities. This was at a time when Nehru was still riding high, however, and the friends of Desai might yet try again. The choice of Desai would give India a principled leader with a stern sense of duty who enjoys the confidence of the business community and high standing in Washington. But unlike Mrs. Gandhi, Sastri and Chavan, Desai does not appear to have much potential for holding together disparate Congress factions.

By the process of elimination, one arrives at the conclusion that Chavan at 47 is for the present the Congress leader best situated to fill the power vacuum. As Defense Minister, he will be the man who interprets the generals and the politicians to each other, and this, in turn, is likely to increase his stature as a broker between factions within the Congress.

Conceivably, the morass of mismanagement left by Krishna Menon might be so deep that no successor will be able to accumulate political capital in the Defense Ministry. Or popular hopes might fix on a charismatic military personality, most probably the former Army Chief of Staff, K. S. Thimayya, who might come out of retirement to preside over the armed forces as India's first Field Marshal. In any event, there are likely to be limits to the power that any single personality will command in the first years of realignment. The new balance of forces in New Delhi is likely to be an uneasy equilibrium of Right and Left, of the military and the civil authority, and of Hindu revivalist chauvinism

arrayed against moderate secular nationalism.

It appears to be in the nature of the situation that enhanced power will drift into the hands of the President of the Republic, Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, who was elected in May to a term ending in 1967. The first President of India, Rajendra Prasad, was not able to win himself a place in the sun next to Nehru, but Radhakrishnan does not have Prasad's Gandhian inhibitions with respect to the uses of publicity. He shows every intention of exploiting the full potential of his office. Radhakrishnan's dramatic flying trip to the front was a take-charge gesture that would have appeared incongruous in the case of Prasad but seemed right and proper in his case. Under the Constitution, the Indian President holds great residual power, and one can imagine a significant shift of power to the Palace in the absence of an all-powerful personality as leader of the majority party in Parliament. Behind the gentle philosopher there stands, one suspects, a figure of political acumen and personal force.

In this setting of political uncertainty the skill and sophistication of US diplomacy will be put to a most extraordinary test. Faced with an unchallenged national leader of Nehru's stature, the US representative in New Delhi has often felt it unnecessary and even dangerous to make more than the most casual contact



"This is far enough for now..."

with opposition political forces. Even those within the Congress who are not in the good books of the Nehru camp have been treated as taboo by some US Ambassadors. Now it will be necessary for the US to establish a broad range of friendships and yet to avoid exclusive commitments to Indian politicians and generals who would like to corner US power for their own purposes. It will not be easy to stay loose, but the ability of the US to do so may to a great extent determine whether the minus suffered by Peking – and Moscow – in New Delhi becomes a plus for Washington.

The Burden of Dependence

The reason for this goes beyond the obvious fact that those who are not part of the US Embassy in-group in a capital feel a natural affinity for other foreign friends. It lies in the deeper and more fundamental strength of Indian nationalist sensitivities which are not reserved for the Chinese and which are to be found in varying degrees within all political camps. Even now, one can discern signs of a xenophobic nationalist reaction building up in the wake of the shocks of the past month. The anger felt by Indians toward Peking and toward those leaders who have let them down is aggravated by the realization that resistance to the Chinese challenge will now require a conspicuous and substantially increased dependence on the West.

It is easy to forget that independence is little more than a decade behind and to assume that the emotional wounds inflicted in a century of the British imperium will vanish upon the discovery of a new imperialism in Peking. The assumption that disillusion with China will automatically be supplanted by confidence in the US has a logical simplicity. But it is equally likely that the nationalist reaction will take the form of profound unease in the face of a growing US presence and of supersensitivity to the slightest suggestion of an improper interest in India's internal affairs. Beyond this, the necessity for a redefinition of nonalignment and for the surrender of some of the trappings of sovereignty to permit the transfer and cooperative use of sophisticated, top-secret US military technology might well accelerate a reappraisal of the adequacy of parliamentary institutions.

If India is to escape the fetters of perpetual dependence, one hears it said, the nation must rally behind strong leadership empowered to mobilize indigenous resources to the full. The challenge of China appears to be strengthening the hand of those who have long argued that totalitarian controls are necessary for rapid progress and for the containment of divisive regional and caste forces. While it might be possible for India to make its political adaptations within the existing Constitutional framework, the US would do well to

prepare for the possibility that this will not prove to be the case and that the force of an aroused nationalism will sooner or later overturn established institutions.

In the short run the issue confronting President Kennedy in South Asia is how much of a military commitment for the defense of Indian national freedom would be in the US interest should victory over China require the use of armor, fighter aircraft and tactical nuclear weapons, and how much reciprocity should be asked of New Delhi. The special character of US ties with Pakistan discussed in past articles of mine (*NR*, August 10 and 24 and September 7, 1959, and December 11, 1961) could seriously inhibit the US in pursuing its interests in India. But in the long run the deeper issue is whether the Indians themselves will bring to their struggle the necessary political unity and national determination.

Although the hardening of nationalist sentiment in recent weeks has been highly encouraging, one should bear in mind that external pressure applied long enough will mean the virtual scuttling of the Five-Year Plans, and that economic scarcity in a decade of burgeoning population will rub hard on the raw nerves of ancient religious, regional and caste rivalries. Indian nationalism has yet to be put to the test. The time for the US to think about limiting its commitment in India is not when nationalist spirit is high and the Indians are insistent, let us say, on keeping the Pentagon at a certain distance. It would come when and if they began to behave as if the war is an American responsibility. Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith acted with insight when he warned on the occasion of the first arms airlift that the US could not perform miracles for India. For the cause would be lost if the Indians should come to find the psychological burden of dependence to be tolerable; if in losing confidence in Nehru, they should begin to lose faith in themselves.

Selig S. Harrison

We announce with regret the departure from *The New Republic's* editorial staff of Selig S. Harrison. Mr. Harrison is a former Nieman Fellow and came to this journal in 1956 as Associate Editor after seven years as an Associated Press correspondent in Detroit, New York and New Delhi. He was named Acting Managing Editor in 1960 and Managing Editor in August, 1961. In his new assignment as South Asia correspondent of the *Washington Post*, he will be responsible for coverage in India, Pakistan, Burma, Nepal, Ceylon and Afghanistan, and will rove in neighboring countries of Southeast Asia. His articles will be made available to 31 newspapers associated with the recently-established *Washington Post-Los Angeles Times* News Service.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Portrait of John Foster Dulles

by Louis J. Halle

One who was no more than a fly on the wall in the Office of the Secretary of State, during the first year and a half of the Eisenhower Administration, has certain indelible impressions of John Foster Dulles.

He was physically a big man, seeming built of granite. One could imagine him eroding away over the centuries, but not just going to bed and dying like

John Foster Dulles: A Reappraisal
by Richard Goold-Adams
(Meredith; \$5.50)

ordinary flesh-and-blood. One felt that he would outlive all the younger but more fragile specimens of humanity about him. This is why his death, taking place in public to the extent that it did, was such a shock.

At least to those who were not his intimates, Mr. Dulles was without personal charm. The corners of his mouth turned down by nature almost to the vertical, so that when he had to meet a latter-day requirement of our political life, that of laughing for the press-cameras, the effect was rather ghastly. He could do it with only half his mouth.

His seriousness was absolute, for he belonged to that special type of humanity whom I shall call the single-minded concentrators. In the narrowness of his attention to only one objective at a time, as in so many other respects, he was the opposite of his predecessor, Dean Acheson, whom he sought to rival intellectually, attempting repeatedly to imitate those briefings in which Acheson took his auditors on a worldwide *tour d'horizon* that left them in an exalted state of admiration for days afterward. But Dean Acheson had (and has) wide-angle vision. He always saw everything in terms of everything else, being able to show in a sen-

tence or two the relation of a particular problem in the Congo, say, to a problem in Alaska to a problem in Turkestan. Dulles, by contrast, saw only one thing at a time, and so tended to focus on the objective of the moment to the exclusion of all others. This was his strength and his weakness. If the objective was to conclude a peace-treaty with Japan, he would risk the price of a rupture with England simply because nothing except Japan was in his field of vision for the time being. But he would get his treaty. In an electoral campaign, where his objective was to attract the voters of East European descent, he could proclaim the substitution of "liberation" for "containment" as the objective of American foreign policy without even asking himself about its foreign-policy implications. If it is true that he stopped at nothing to gain his objectives, there was also a sort of innocence in his ruthlessness; he betrayed allies, for instance, because he was not looking their way at the moment.

If the first impression of Mr. Dulles was that he was built of granite, a later impression equated him with the King in *Hamlet*. The fly on the wall used to think of a New York production in which an overwhelming sense of the King's uneasy conscience, and his terrible suffering, was conveyed by two simple devices: the actor who played the part had a streak of pure white through his head of black hair, and he had a nervous habit of darting glances back over his shoulder. Mr. Dulles gave the same impression of uneasiness and suffering. One felt unhappiness in him, and he had a constant nervous twitch on one side of his face which suggested that he was not at ease inside.

If the impression was correct, what explains his inner uneasiness? It is the fate of all humanity to have an unquiet conscience, for we all have our part in

the corruption that is symbolically accounted for by the tale of Original Sin; but there was something more in him, as there was something more in Hamlet's royal uncle. I think it was the tension he was constantly under to live up to the myth of himself that he had spent his life creating. Hamlet's uncle had realized his ambition to be king by foul means, while Mr. Dulles had realized his ambition to be Secretary of State by creating the Dulles myth. In this sense, both were living a lie (as all of us live lies, although on a less heroic scale). According to the myth, he had been born to be Secretary of State as Hercules had been born to amaze the world with feats of strength, and no one else could equal the experience and the knowledge of international affairs that were his from the beginning.

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Before he became Secretary he had been intermittently involved in specialized international negotiations at which he had showed his notable skill as lawyer and concentrator alike; but he had nothing like the broad experience which Dean Acheson before him, and Dean Rusk since, brought to the office. When, as the new Secretary, he first addressed the Foreign Service of the United States at a private luncheon, undertaking an Achesonian *tour d'horizon* before what was perhaps the most knowledgeable body of men in the world, he betrayed points of ignorance that came as a shock to those who had assumed the validity of the myth.

Is there any moral strain greater than that of having constantly to live up to requirements that are beyond one's capacity, whether the requirements of a job or the requirements of a legend? This surely explains why Mr. Dulles could not be at ease in the presence of knowledgeable subordinates. When he came into the State Department as Secretary, the men like Bohlen, Kennan, and Nitze went out. Instead of such men, he chose as his chief professional adviser on foreign policy an exceptionally able and dedicated man who, however, had had no experience in the conduct of international relations up to that moment.

One part of the myth that he was at particular pains to cultivate was the image of the strong man, and this always threatened to betray him as the Napoleonic myth had repeatedly betrayed Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte. Could anything be more revealing than the interview (a Walter Mitty performance) that he gave to *Life's* James Shep-

ley in 1956, when he illustrated "the art of going to the brink" without flinching by his own conduct of American foreign affairs? On at least one occasion he announced that the Communists were on the run, and took up a stance which implied that he had his foot on Mr. Khrushchev's neck. Before his first year as Secretary was well over he had thrice struck strong-man attitudes which he would be forced to abandon: he had proclaimed "liberation" instead of "containment"; he had threatened France with an "agonizing reappraisal" of American policy toward Europe if she did not join the European Defense Community; and he had threatened "massive retaliation" for such local aggression as the Communists serenely continued to practice in Indo-China. His policy often seemed to be that of talking tough while cutting down the big stick by restricting the military budget. A like policy had at last trapped Louis-Napoleon, causing him to fall into the disaster of the Franco-Prussian War.

Sometimes, after Mr. Dulles had got himself out on a limb without benefit of professional advice, he turned in a sort of panic to his professional advisers to get him off again. This was the case after the innocent blunder of the "massive retaliation" proclamation in January, 1954, when the professionals who had been excluded at the take-off were called in for the crash-landing. Thereupon, one of those explanations was drafted which explained quite cogently that he had not said at all what he seemed so clearly to have said. Among his weaknesses was a psychological obtuseness that caused him repeatedly to be taken by surprise when others reacted to his words in a way that a more sensitive and intuitive man would have anticipated.

No one, however, was better at the necessary dodge than he. The fly on the wall remembers press-conferences at which unanswerable questions about the most delicate matters were flung at him, and he remembers thinking to himself that he would, himself, need a month apiece to think up answers as smart as those Mr. Dulles gave without having to pause for thought.

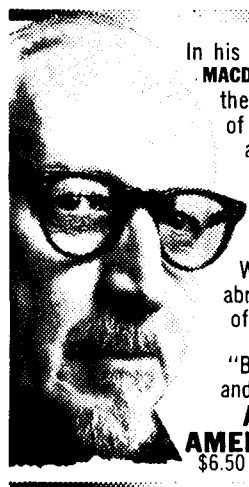
John Foster Dulles was not an attractive man. He was not a success as a diplomat because his bad faith in dealing with allies, whether real or appar-

ent, all but broke up the Western coalition — most notably in the Suez crisis of 1956. He remains in memory, nevertheless, as a big man. He was, in fact, the strong man of a weak Administration; so that, when the Berlin crisis developed in 1958 and 1959, some of his most bitter political rivals went about exclaiming, "Thank God for Dulles!" Nothing seemed solid in Washington, at one time, except the monumental granite of his determination.

Like King John in A. A. Milne's poem, Mr. Dulles was not "a good man." The incessant public proclamation of his own moral principles was always associated with his political advantage, while the principles themselves were not conspicuously translated into scruples when it came to the means of realizing his objectives. He was not a good man, and neither was Macbeth a good man, and neither was Lear, and neither was Claudius, King of Denmark. But, like Macbeth and Lear and the King, in the dimensions of his character he was surely a great and tragic man, a man who was not living his life for his own enjoyment, a man who bore on a large scale the cross of human corruption and suffering. One does not have to be a saint to be a hero.

Under the circumstances one would prefer, for his biographer, not a good man but someone who knew human corruption as Voltaire or Thucydides knew it. Mr. Goold-Adams, a good man himself, is a bit too reluctant to think evil of anyone else. As an Englishman writing about an American who aroused greater fury in Whitehall than ever did Hitler or Stalin, he leans over backward. As one who must himself have disliked Mr. Dulles, he is intent on overcoming his own bias. As a gentleman he is concerned that "nothing I have written will cause pain to any member of Mr. Dulles' family"; and this is a concern that inevitably handicaps him in his proclaimed objective, which is to "get at the truth" about a character that had puzzled him. Although he knew Mr. Dulles himself, and obviously talked to many who were able to offer revelations of one sort or another, his approach is not well adapted to finding the narrow doorway that leads into the hidden chambers of truth.

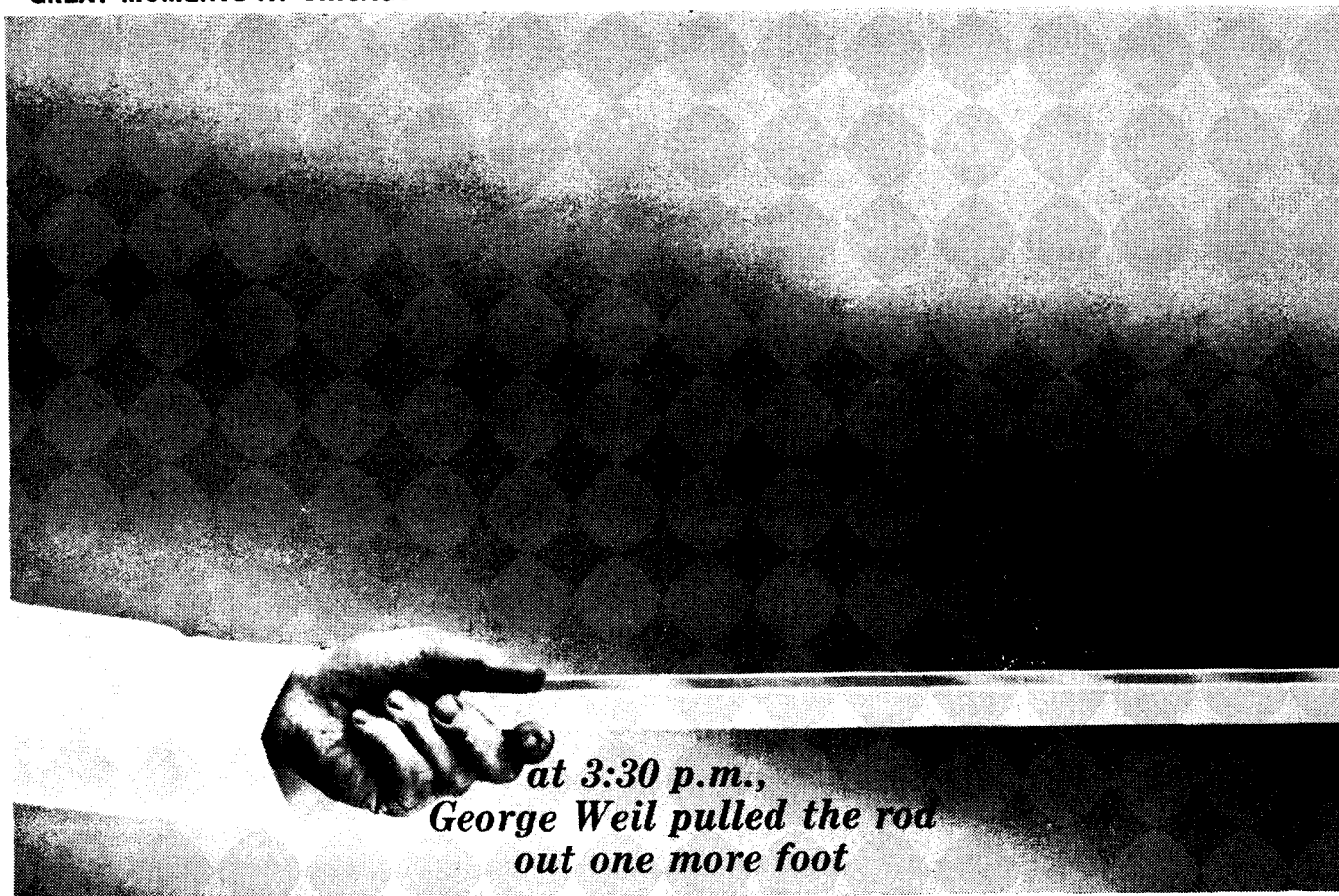
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"myth" occurs in this study; yet one leaves out half of Dulles when one leaves out the myth. If only by the operation of the benefit of the doubt, then, Mr. Dulles is credited with being distinguished from other statesmen by the moral principles that dominated his life and by that knowledge of international affairs which had become proverbial. One suspects that, as a biographer, Mr. Goold-Adams has mistaken the basic principle that there can be no understanding where there is no sympathy, assuming that it requires of him a reluctance to see evil rather than a willingness to accept it with compassion.

Is it, then, the picture of a good and great man that he gives us? Far from it. Although a gentle and a generous man himself, Mr. Goold-Adams is too intelligent and too experienced in the ways of politics for that. He knows, for example, that "liberation" was only a pose, never a policy. He does not attempt to refute Sir Anthony Eden's charges of bad faith on Dulles' part. The record is there, and Mr. Dulles' best friends would be hard put to deny it. Where he apparently acted in bad faith, however, his biographer prefers

not to attribute this to any deliberate Machiavellianism but to explain it, rather, as representing the confusion and the desperate improvisations of a man under opposing political pressures. One may agree that it did represent this while believing that it did not represent this only. Perhaps, however, we are still too near the moving scenes of Dulles's last days to speak of him impartially.

Mr. Goold-Adams has made no attempt to write a definitive biography, if only because the documentary materials for such a biography are not yet available. He calls his book "a Reappraisal," and it is evident that the prefix refers to the original English view of Dulles as a master criminal. So far from being an intimate personal biography, it is almost entirely a recital and interpretation of Dulles's public record, chiefly that of the few final years in which he was Secretary of State. It is useful to have even this done; and it is useful to have it done without the hatred that he attracted in life. When the time comes, however, to write the definitive biography, no one less than a Shakespeare will be big enough for the job.

MOVIES

Twenty Million Dollars Worth of Brando

An old Hollywood story tells of an argument between a producer who wants to spend six million dollars on a picture and a studio chief who wants to allow him only three million. The fight rages. Finally the chief, wagging his finger, shouts, "All right, spend the six mil-

Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)
Two for the Seesaw (United Artists)

lion! But I want to see every goddam dollar up there on the screen!"

Mutiny on the Bounty allegedly cost \$20 million, and not all of it is visible on the screen, not even the reported \$27.50 that M-G-M spent weekly to fly the Sunday edition of *The New York Times* to Tahiti for Marlon Brando, as per contract. The film is very long, in

wide-screen color, and has thousands of people, some lovely locations, a replica of the *Bounty* that is larger than the original (by thirty-three feet). But its opulence, in these days when that word is taking on new tonnage, is not extraordinary. A recent English film, *Damn the Defiant!*, which also was about mutiny in the 18th Century British Navy, lacked the length, width, and Tahitians, but in naval terms it was equally opulent. And it had several fine sea battles, which *Bounty* does not.

Many of the millions were wasted: delays, changes in cast and script and director, discarded footage. All this is said to have been caused by Brando, who wanted to do the film his way, not as a mere re-make of the 1935 version but with new character dimensions for

Fletcher Christian. He converts Christian into an elegant, drawling beau who finds reality and humility in the mutiny; but this converted Christian, like so many converts, is sorrily out of balance. The hang-over of Brando's image – from other, different waterfronts – is so strong, his foppish accent and intonation so patently assumed, that it is hard to take him seriously. Or to believe that he wants to be taken seriously. Is it all just a talented actor's revenge on a big studio for snaring him inside an empty spectacular film? Only in a few moments of fury does life touch the part and Brando burn through. The rest is like an All-American halfback imitating Leslie Howard as the Scarlet Pimpernel.

Unsurprisingly, the film lacks consistent texture. The departure from Portsmouth, the storm scenes, have excitement; but our first view of the natives is abrupt and ineffective and there is no shot at all of the crew's first sight of the natives. Pluses and minuses alternate throughout. The drama of the original script has evaporated; for example, Bligh's open-boat voyage to Timor is skimmed. (I can still hear Charles Laughton croaking through cracked lips, "Timor, lads, Timor.") Facts are changed: Young and others do not return to stand trial, and Christian dies of burns on Pitcairn beach when the ship is fired on the night of the mutineers' arrival. He thus has scant chance to found the line that leads to his present-day descendants; but Brando presumably wanted a strong finale.

There are some eye-filling moments, like the scene in which hundreds of laughing Tahitian girls net fish in the sea. There are some humorous touches: e.g., as Brando is rowed ashore to make love – by captain's orders – to the Tahitian king's daughter, the sound-track declaims *Rule, Britannia*. Trevor Howard's Bligh is wiry, ugly, solid. It is more realistic than Laughton's over-ripe romantic villain, but then the whole film tries to cut closer to the psychological bone than the earlier version. Perhaps some sociologist will want to study how re-made pictures reflect changes in succeeding generations' attitudes; for us, this flaccid epic has occupied enough time. It remains only to say that my belief in Brando's talent is unchanged and my hope for the ful-

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fillment of it flickers.

Some movies, a good number of American ones, are roughly analogous to paperbound editions of hardbound best-sellers: they exist to bring Broadway hits to a wider audience. But the analogy is short-lived because, obviously, a quite different medium is involved and many plays suffer in the transformation. Such is William Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw*. There could hardly be a more integrally theatrical play – two characters and one (split) set. The film adaptation predictably dissipates this integral form with other characters and settings, but the original shape is so ingrained in the play that the film, for all its extension, has to return frequently to the split set connected by a telephone.

The story deals with a Nebraska lawyer, recently divorced but still much attached to his wife, who comes to New York for a period of re-assessment and who meets a 29-year-old ex-Bronx modern dancer. They have an affair – a much more truthful one than in most

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American films - and after some months he returns to Nebraska and remarriage. Their attitudes at the end are a perfect projection of any man's dream-image of the end of an affair: he is a bit sadder but a bit wiser, she is happier to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

The behavioral analysis of the script seems rather an afterthought, as if Gibson had wanted to write a two-character, man-woman play in a split set, then thought of these two opposed people, then thought of what the play could "mean." But its justification (and the film's) is the dialogue, most of which is funny and flavorful, with some nice essences of common experience.

Part of the enjoyment of the original production lay in the contrast between *echt* Midwest and second-generation New-Yorkerized European, the confrontation of reticent tall corn and impulsive blintzes. This is lost in the film. Shirley MacLaine has some success as the Jewish Gittel, but Robert Mitchum's stolidity is not reticence; he suggests neither a Nebraska lawyer nor any other kind, nor is he credible as the putative originator of Gibson's bright and rueful dialogue.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

What's Fit to Print

Sirs:

Your commentary, "What's Fit To Print," (November 24) is certainly just, that the noteworthy aspect of the Cuban engagement is not so much the government's behavior as that of the press. It is natural for the government to manipulate the press, as much as it can. It is odd for the press to submit and then to advertise its submission by complaining about it.

Yet, should any of us be particularly surprised? The conditioning for this submissiveness has been in process for a long time.

I have in mind some personal experiences of now 20 years ago and more, illustrative of the process.

On the morning of December 4, 1941, *The Washington Times-Herald* and other newspapers published in considerable detail a US war plan which

with accuracy forecast what lay ahead for citizens. Should we have done it?

Three days later, I assure you, *The Times-Herald* was somewhat embarrassed and I, for one, a principal in deciding to publish, felt that I had literally betrayed my country.

But the most interesting aspect of this episode is that while *The Times-Herald*, and I, among others, rightly suffered obloquy for our mistake, little was said then or ever about the fact that we could never have published the story unless it had been given us by someone in a position of trust and confidence in the Roosevelt Administration, a position of great importance and high rank. All emphasis was laid on our offense in publishing, which, after all, was within our legal and moral right, if we chose.

What of the man who gave us the information in the first place? He had an oath of office and he violated it. Who was he and what was done to him for his action? There are those alive even yet who know. I will only go so far as to say that when Mr. Roosevelt's investigators satisfied themselves as to the source of our information they dropped the whole thing like a hot brick, as, indeed, it was. For the source was a great military figure of critical importance to the war effort, honored, competent and renowned. Why did he do it?

Frank C. Waldrop
Washington, D. C.

The Biographer's Art

Sirs:

Professor Howard Mumford Jones enunciates a surprising theory of biographical narrative in his essay on my new volumes of the life of Henry James (November 17). He charges me with introducing irrelevant detail when I describe the furniture in a Boston hotel room in which James stayed; or the blank sooty wall which faced him as he wrote in Bolton Street; or the colors in the chamber he occupied in a Venetian palace. "These trivia, though true enough, clog narrative," says Mr. Jones. But a biography without trivia - relevant trivia - is like a tree without leaves. It becomes a cold and naked thing, like so many of our academic biographies. It may be a matter of opinion, but I could show it was quite relevant to describe that furniture in the

Boston hotel. James disliked it so intensely he put it into one of his tales. And it is certainly relevant to know that James' imagination created graceful and witty tales opposite a grim sooty confining wall.

The question of narrative detail is not a matter on which one can deliver *ex cathedra* generalizations; but certainly it can be argued that by banishing legitimate descriptive touches, biography can achieve that dreariness of which Lytton Strachey eloquently complained when he said we had relegated this most humane of arts to the "journey-men of letters." *Leon Edel*

New York University

Hide and Seek

Sirs:

Charles Burton Marshall's gloomy "Hide and Seek" (November 10) suggests one thing. The Russian opposition to inspection will not be broken down easily unless they can get something significant for it. They can reasonably demand three things: recognition of the de facto Oder-Neisse boundary; recognition of the de facto existence of East Germany; and probably most important, the easing of pressure from our ring of nuclear-armed bases around them. None of these is a life-or-death matter to us. In regard to the bases, we can continue to guarantee our commitment to our allies in the event of conflict by conventional armament (as suggested in a *New Republic* lead note in the same issue). The neutralization of obsolete bases plus a German settlement would be a small price to pay for inspection. Why not try it?

Neil Myers

W. Lafayette, Ind.

"MENON IS a principal symbol of a narrow, anti-Western, misanthropic neutralist defeatism. To give aid to India—which we should do—is in some measure to rescue both Menon and Nehru from the consequences of facing up to their mischievous miscalculations—i.e., save them from personally well-deserved military humiliations at the hands of their beloved friends, the Red Chinese."

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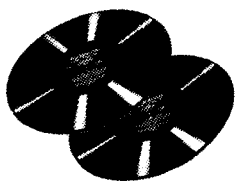
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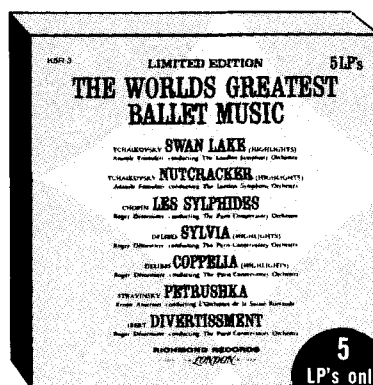
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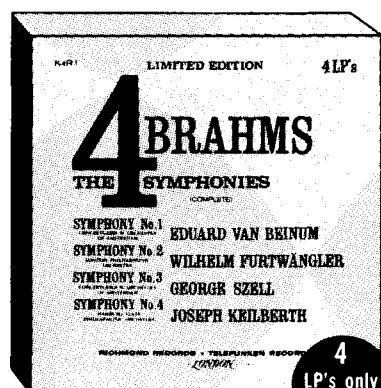
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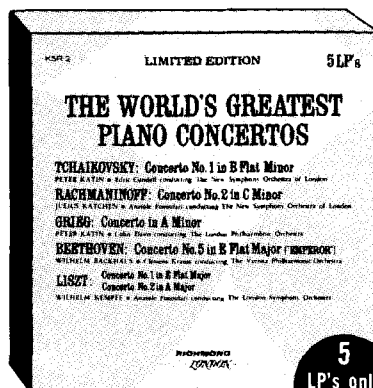
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